

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

SUNDAY, APRIL 18, 1915

Library of the
PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE YOUTH
Berkeley, California
Number 29



Winning the Game.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

"THEY want me on the team," said Roy. It seemed to him very nice that the boys of Clifton wanted a new, untried boy.

"I don't know," said mother, doubtfully. "We don't know a thing about the boys." Roy's face fell.

"I guess they're just the usual kind of boys," said grandmother, cheerfully. "They seem to make the regulation amount of noise."

Then father spoke from his pillows. They had left their own home, and come to grandmother's at Clifton on the lake for father to get well after his long illness. But father knew how it was with Roy. He had left home just when everything was beginning. The boys back home were planning their spring fun,—their hikes and games and sports. And here was Roy, set down in a strange town for the next five months.

"Let him go," said father. "He won't get into mischief playing ball. And, besides, our boy has backbone enough to do the right thing, no matter what kind of boys he is with."

"Yes, I have," said Roy, straightening up. "If they should do wrong things, I won't. They are nice boys, mother, but, anyway, I'll do what I know I ought to."

So they let Roy go, and he became left field for the Clifton Cubs. The boys hadn't made a bad choice when they took the new boy. Roy was a careful, steady player, if not a brilliant one. There were few safe hits in his territory. When a single was needed badly, they learned that they could depend upon Roy. He didn't do any spectacular playing, but he was the kind of player that helps keep the team in the winning column.

They did seem to be the usual kind of boys. Yet Roy noticed one thing that was different from the team back home. When they went out to play, the manager and coach, who was a high school boy, and the captain, who was one of the younger fellows, would both say, "Now, fellows, we must win. Watch everything, take advantage of every point, but play to win." The athletic instructor back home who managed the school ball team used to say, "Now, boys, play to win, but play square." Roy rather missed that injunction, but he did not forget it.

The first question arose in one of the games with Dover, the Clifton boys' most dangerous rival. There was a close play at first.

The umpire was plainly in doubt. But the first baseman protested so strenuously that the Dover man was out that at length the umpire decided that way.

"But he was safe all right," said the first baseman in a low tone when the Clifton boys were back on their bench.

"Why didn't you tell him?" said Roy.

"Well, I guess not. We'll have trouble



couldn't help feeling that the Clifton Cubs didn't deserve to win.

There were five games with Dover, and just before the end of the term Dover had won two and Clifton two. The last game was bound to be an exciting one, and the two schools turned out in full force.

Both teams were playing their best that day. In the seventh the score was 3 to 3. The runs had been won separately and with the best of team playing. Dover was at bat. Clifton howled lustily when two men went out, but the third struck the ball squarely for a double. Then Dover began to cheer, for their best batter came next. He

took the first ball, striking it with a great swing. Roy started back with the crack of the bat, for he saw the ball coming his way. Back, back he went, with the ball soaring overhead. Would it never begin to drop? With a fleeting glance he saw the batter circling the bases, while the other man had already crossed the plate. He was in the weeds and brambles of left field now. Balls were never hit this far, and the weeds had not been cut. They were almost to his shoulders. If he had had clear ground, he could have made it easily. As it was, he put forth his utmost effort. His hands were almost under the ball. He went down in the weeds, and came up instantly with the ball.

"He got it! He got it!" shrieked the Clifton crowd.

The runner had paused a few steps from the plate. Dover, too, thought he had caught it. The umpire held up his hand. "Did you catch it, Carew?" he called.

The temptation was over really before the question came. Roy shook his head. He saw the runner spurt across the plate. Dover was two runs ahead in the seventh. He heard the cheers, he saw the disgusted faces of his teammates. But he wouldn't have thought of changing that decision.

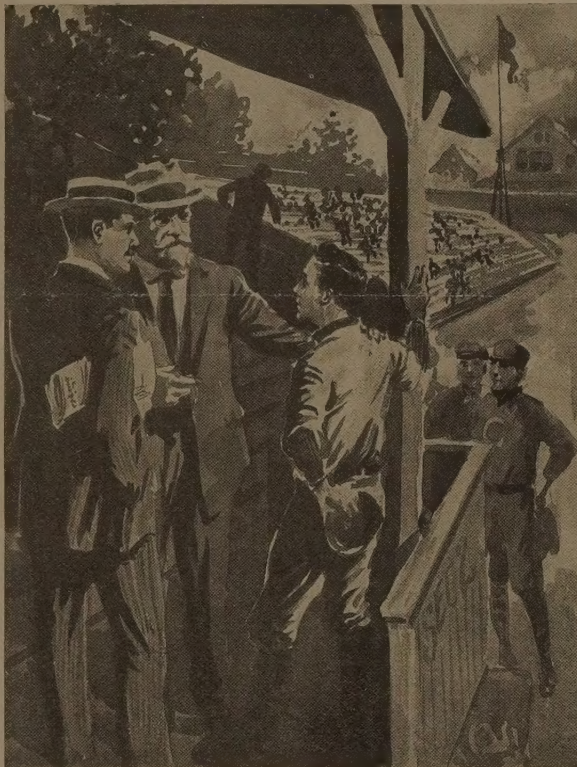
They let him alone on the bench. Fred started to say something, but Rogers sharply commanded silence, lest the team should be thrown out.

"I suppose they won't let me play any more," said Roy to himself. "I'll have to find something else to do this summer."

In the eighth Roy retired the Dover side with a fairly caught ball, but there was no applause. Neither side scored in the eighth. In the ninth Dover failed to score again. But there was the fatal two to overcome. Clifton had a little batting rally in the ninth. When Roy came to bat there were two on bases, and one out.

"Seems to me it's up to you to do something, Carew," said Rogers, coldly.

"I'll do my best," said Roy.



By H. Weston Taylor.

"Whenever you want a job, young man, you come to me," the judge said as they left."

enough beating them as it is. We've got to win this game, no matter how."

"I don't want the game, if we can't get it square," said Roy, disgustedly.

"Shut up, you fellows," warned Rogers, the manager. "It's too late to do anything now, but you, Fred, don't try to put anything like that across again. If you know a fellow's safe, let the umpire decide alone."

"I cut off that run all right," grumbled Fred.

Roy kept still, as he had been ordered, but he was thinking that he would be ashamed to cut off a run that way.

Dover won that game after all, and Roy

His best was a long single to right that allowed the two men to score. The score was tied, and Clifton was cheering wildly again. A moment later a double by Fred sent Roy across with the winning run.

Roy turned to go, feeling that he was probably still in disfavor. But some men from the stands stopped him. The principal of the school was introducing them, with a hand on Roy's shoulder, and Roy blushed and stammered like any modest boy.

"You're all right, young man," said the judge. "The team may well be proud of you."

"Fred and Steve did more than I, sir, I only got a single," said Roy.

"Single nothing. I'm talking about what you did out in the field."

They were all shaking hands with him and congratulating him, as if a fellow could have any choice in such a matter as that.

"Whenever you want a job, young man, you come to me," the judge said as they left.

And there were all the boys waiting, the Dovers with them.

"We're proud of you, Carew," said Rogers. "I guess we'll all be better players for what you did to-day."

And Roy thrilled with delight at the big boy's praise. Some of the other boys mumbled a few words, though most of them just grinned, but Roy knew what they meant. And back of them was father, leaning on his cane, and looking so proud, and mother smiling and happy in her pretty white dress.

"Guess we can trust our boy anywhere," said father when Roy joined them.

Silkweed.

LIGHTER than dandelion down
Or feathers from the white moth's wing,
Out of the gates of bramble-town
The silkweed goes a-gypsying.

Too fair to fly in autumn's rout,
All winter in the sheath it lay;
But now, when spring is pushing out,
The zephyr calls, "Away! away!"

Through mullein, bramble, brake, and fern,
Up from their cradle-spring they fly,
Beyond the boundary wall to turn
And voyage through the friendly sky.

Softly, as if instinct with thought,
They float and drift, delay and turn;
And one avoids and one is caught
Between an oak-leaf and a fern.

And one holds by an airy line
The spider drew from tree to tree;
And, if the web is light and fine,
'Tis not so light and fine as he!

And one goes questing up the wall,
As if to find a door, and then,
As if he did not care at all,
Goes over and adown the glen.

And all in airiest fashion fare
Adventuring, as if, indeed,
'Twere not so grave a thing to bear
The burden of a seed.

PHILIP SAVAGE.

*Thoroughly to believe in one's own self,
So one's own self be thorough, were to do
Great things.*

TENNYSON.

Her Day of Depression.

BY F. H. SWEET.

"DINGLE, dongle, din-gle, ding, ding, d-i-n-g," ended the first summons to the factory workers, the last "d-i-n-g" being long drawn out, as though the bell-ringer—who was also the night-watchman—was becoming weary of the signal which ended his night's work, and yet did not end his hours of labor. His regular visits to the peg-clock in each room was over, but now he must wait another half-hour in order to ring the last summons to the help. This half-hour he regarded as wasted time and unlawful prolongation of his regular work; and, when he did ring, his "dinglety, dinglety" sounded, as the help said, like a school-boy racing home at night with an empty dinner-pail. The two ringings were so utterly unlike that the sleepy-head who did not hear the first never mistook the last for it, just the same as the super-fearful who kept his clock set a half-hour ahead never confounded the first with the last.

Janet Ratcher was not a sleepy-head, and though she heard and recognized the last drawling "d-i-n-g" of the first bell, she made no effort to rise, but continued to lie there, gazing sullenly at the window, through which a faint suggestion of daylight was beginning to appear. Rain was pattering against the window, and the chill of a falling barometer had penetrated the room until the mere thought of stepping out upon a cold floor brought an anticipatory shiver,—and the factory was nearly a mile away.

Janet was blue. She had gone to bed in that condition, and now she had awakened in the same way. And yet the condition was as unlike her natural disposition as the chill rain outside was unlike the early November sunshine of the morning before.

It was not until she heard a hesitating step below that she sprang from bed, repentant, ashamed, and hurried into her clothes and down-stairs.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "you ought not to have got up till I had a fire started. Here, let me throw this shawl around you."

"I was afraid you'd be late, dearie," her mother answered apologetically. "I meant to have got up sooner and had something warm for you, but overslept. It's too bad to have to go out on a morning like this."

"Well, I didn't oversleep," confessed Janet, forcing herself into temporary cheerfulness. "I was just lazy, and lay there studying about things. Lucky I had everything ready last night. I'll put the water in this shallow pan so it'll heat quickly, then we'll have coffee."

She glanced at the clock. "Twenty minutes, and it'll take fifteen for me to hurry to the factory. No, ma, you needn't put up a chair for me. I sha'n't sit down. I'll just take a bite and run. Don't you hurry, though. Wait till the victuals get warmed through, and the coffee good; then take your time. It'll help fill up the day. You must get awfully lonesome here by yourself."

"N-no, not so very," the old woman replied. "I have my knittin', and there's the cat. But I do look forward to your comin' home, dearie."

"I suppose so. I wish"—She paused abruptly. She must not make things any harder for the invalid who already had to bear so much. She took a few bites hurriedly, then slipped some bread and an apple into a paper bag.

"Now I'll get into my old waterproof," she cried gayly. "Lucky I've got it."

"But your feet, Janet," said her mother, anxiously. "You have no rubbers, and you're not strong. Wait a minute while I get your slippers and a pair of fresh stockings. You can put them on in the mill while the others dry."

Janet was all ready, with the hood of the waterproof drawn over until it almost concealed her face, when her mother returned with the slippers and stockings rolled into a small package. This and the lunch she slipped under the folds of the waterproof. Then she pushed back the hood a little in order to kiss her mother good-bye.

"Now I must hurry," she said, "for time's up. To-night I'll cook up a lot of nice things—an Indian pudding, maybe, and some brown bread. And you know, mother, Sunday is only three days off, when we'll be together 'most all day."

Outside, the depression returned stronger than ever. The rain beat in her face; the raw wind whipped through the waterproof and thin clothing; the road was covered with two inches of soft, clinging mud; and it was still too dark for her to see her way clearly.

The next house was dark. The folks had not yet got up, and would not have to any more until it was light. Mary Bosworth, her best friend, lived there, and the morning before Mary had joined her in the hurry toward the mill. But Mary was a very bright girl, who had studied drawing and other things, and who was quick and imaginative in sketching designs and novelties. The day before she had been promoted to the position of assistant designer for the mill, and after this she would work in the office and not have to go in until nine o'clock.

That was just the way it was in books. All the factory girl heroines she ever read about had done something that brought a beautiful and high future.

A depression in the road caused her to stumble, splashing the mud up to her waist. Her lips quivered. She was not bright, like Mary. She could not do anything except make Indian puddings and brown bread and coffee, and things like that, and spin.

They did say she was the best spinner in the whole room. But spinning was no good to help one up to anything else. It meant that she could spin and spin all the rest of her life.

A halting footstep and an eager "Janet, Janet!" caused her to slacken her pace a little. A lame girl was limping toward her,—a girl younger than herself, and far more thinly clad; but the sallow, pinched face was radiant.

"Isn't it fine, Janet!" she cried gleefully, as she snuggled under the waterproof which Janet promptly opened and shared with her. "I can go along with you to the mill now, and I'm to work in the same room. Just to think! I spoke for a job six months ago, and only got it now! It was awful nice that Mary Bosworth got her nice place,—nice for her and me, too, for it gives me her job. Now I can get a lot of things that mother needs, and maybe next summer I can take music lessons."

Janet drew the frail, happy figure a little closer. A year before, when she first obtained her job, she had felt much the same. And the job had brought her mother and herself many nice things they had not had before. And now she was sulking.

Houses were becoming thicker now, and more figures hurried through gates, and

through doors before which were no gates, and the younger girls joined them. Janet was a favorite in the mill, for she was always ready to listen to another's troubles and to be sympathetic and helpful. With these girls clinging to her, chatting to her, admiring her, and with the frail little figure snuggling so close to her side, trying to keep step under the waterproof, Janet's spirits began to rise. After all, she was glad that Mary Bosworth had been promoted. She had earned the place, and she was such a beautiful, sincere, thoroughly nice girl. It was not that she was envious or jealous of her and the book heroines: it was only that she could not go and do something like them.

The last bell had been ringing for several minutes now; and, from its accelerating clangs and tumultuous jingles, they knew it was racing on toward its final "dinglety, dinglety, dinglety," the last notes of which would still be madly vibrating the air, when the night-watchman darted out, putting on his hat and coat as he ran. His speeding exit would be the signal for the last of the help to slip inside the yard gates, for then the gates would be locked. Janet and her companions were a dozen rods away when the final "dinglety" sounded and the watchman speeded out; but the gatekeeper saw them and fumbled clumsily with the fastenings until they could hurry in.

On damp days like this, the thread ends on the frames ran badly, with much twisting and breaking; and, though Janet was nimble-fingered and the best spinner in the room, she had all she could do to keep her sides pieced up. Especially was this the case after the full bobbins were doffed, which occurred twice a day. With the bobbins nearly full, the threads ran more smoothly; but with them empty, or nearly so, there was greater strain upon the threads, causing them to snap frequently. The doffers pieced up the first irregular breaks as they worked from frame to frame, but after that the spinner had to attend to her own sides.

This doffing of the full bobbins and replacing them with empty ones upon the spindles had always been an interesting operation to Janet. At first it had not seemed possible it could be done so surely and quickly, and she had attempted the transfer many times, with lamentable failures. But at length her nimble fingers had mastered the knack, at odd moments, and now she could doff as quickly and neatly as the experts themselves.

There were always two of these doffers, each taking a side of a frame and going up one row and down another until the room was completed. They used small sled-like carriages which could be pushed along the sides by the right knee as they worked. On the carriage were two boxes, one containing empty bobbins and the other to receive the full ones as they were removed. In working, the doffer stood with her right knee pressed against the end of the carriage, took an empty bobbin in her right hand, and lifted a full one from its spindle with her left; then, by a dexterous turn of her wrist, the thread from the full bobbin was wound twice around the empty one, the thread snapped, and the bobbin dropped into the box beyond, the empty one, with the same movement, being placed upon the spindle by the left hand. Then the knee would press the carriage along about two inches to the next spindle, and the operation would be repeated. When the doffers had completed their sides, the endless belt would be slipped back to the fixed pulley



Copyright by H. W. Frees.

WIDE AWAKE AND FAST ASLEEP.

and the frame started, and they would go back over their work, piecing up any ends that did not hold. But usually, with an expert doffer, there would not be a single end broken on an entire side. It took about two hours to doff a whole room, and then the doffers were allowed to leave the mill and do whatever they pleased until doffing time came again.

This long leisure between work made the position of doffer a very desirable one, and there was a saying among the spinners that "once a doffer, always a doffer." The present two had held their position for years.

Soon after the morning doffing, the overseer made one of his observation tours among the frames, calling attention to any ends down by a shrill whistle upon a small nickel instrument he always carried. No matter where the operator of a side might be, when she heard that whistle she hastened back to her neglected duty with apologetic and crimson face. In Janet's alley this whistle was rarely heard. When he came to her now, the overseer was smiling. He usually was smiling when he found good work.

"You had a rough morning coming down, didn't you, Janet?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; it was pretty wet and muddy."

"Well, why don't you ask for the Harding tenement? They're going to leave next week, and it would bring you to within a few rods of the mill gate. It's the same rent as your house out there in the country, I think, and would make it a lot easier for you this winter. Suppose I speak to the outside manager about it?"

"Thank you, I wish you would," she said gratefully.

But after he left, her satisfaction was less strong than when she thanked him. It would be far easier for her, and would save at least twelve minutes morning and night. She could leave her mother later, and be back to her earlier in the evening; and it would save that long walk during the winter. But, on the other hand, there was the little apple orchard at the country place, and the big garden and the flowers about the house. Her mother loved flowers, and one of her chief pleasures was to be out among them in the spring and during the summer. And they had planned so many, many things for the kitchen and the flower garden for the next year. It was really beautiful out there, while the Harding tenement was only the counterpart of fifty others, without yard or even fence about it. And even if it was

cold and disagreeable sometimes, that mile walk was likely very good for her, to counteract the mill confinement. What had she been thinking about!

She went straight to the overseer.

"I don't believe you'd better speak to the manager about that tenement," she said. "You see, we've got some apple-trees out there, and a big garden, and flowers; and mother loves such things. I've been thinking it over, and I believe the walking will do me good."

"Yes, I don't know but you're right," he agreed. "I'd forgotten about the orchard and flowers. But wait a minute," as she was turning away. "About the Harding girl's job of doffing. There's been a dozen applicants after it already, but you know more about the work than any of them, so you are the proper one to have the place. You may commence Monday. I will let the Rusetti girl have your sides. She will be pleased at the change. What!" at the look on her face, "you like the prospect? Well, I'm glad. You've done your work conscientiously, and I want you to feel the management appreciates it. This job will give you a lot of time next spring to look after the garden and flowers, and usually you can get home much earlier nights. Your mother will like that."

Janet turned away, smiling happily, but with something in her throat that prevented speech.

To a Robin.

BY PEMBERTON H. CRESSEY.

WHAT were green lawns without thee,
Little fellow?
What were the tender green of spring,
The autumn yellow?

What were the summer air without thy note,
So cheerful and so mellow?
What trill or cadence rare without
Thy friendly 'cello?

Welcome to find a summer's home
In oak or willow!
Or on the blind beneath the eaves
Weave thy soft pillow!

Stay with us till the winter's winds
Begin to bellow,—
Then start the chorus of next spring
With thy sweet "Hello!"

THE BEACON

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
378 Sutter St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

From the Editor to You.

Being a Friend. What is the most powerful thing in the world? "Gunpowder," perhaps some one says, remembering what havoc it is working in Europe. Or another may say "armies" or "steel" or "government." There is something greater than all these, which will in time conquer all of them put together, and bring peace instead of war. It is the power of friendliness.

"I am your friend," one boy says to another. Then he wants to do what a friend would do. He will not fight, he will help the other. He will not be angry, he will be kind. He will not be unjust, he will be generous.

A few days ago there was trouble in Utah. The Piute Indians were on the war-path, to resist the arrest of three or four of their number who were charged with offenses. Of course our great government might fight a few Indians and subdue them; but it would not do much toward settling the real trouble, would it? Instead, Gen. Hugh L. Scott went to Utah to represent the United States. He did not fight the Piutes, he took an interpreter and called a conference with them. When they felt sure he did not mean to do them harm, they came without their weapons. "What is it you are angry about?" he asked them at once. They told how the cow-boys had surrounded them at daybreak, shot at their children, wounded a squaw. It was not the first trouble they had had of that sort. General Scott told them he wouldn't like that sort of treatment himself. He would do whatever he could to stop it.

That did better than fighting. It was a man who knew what fighting is who tried the better way—and won. The Indians talked together a little, and then said they wanted to do whatever he asked of them. He said that the four men whom the sheriff had tried to arrest should go with him to Salt Lake. The others were to go back to the reservation. "Is that all right?" he asked. They said it was.

How did General Scott bring about this happy ending to a serious trouble? He tells us the way. "I soon convinced them that I was their friend, and when they realized that they were not hard to deal with."

Their friend! that was the secret. Whatever the spirit of friendliness can do will be done to make right all the disturbance between a weak people and a strong one. Would it not do the same thing in any trouble between strong nations, if each were friendly to the other? Will it not work among men, among boys, in the home, at school, or on the playground? Try it, as General Scott did, and see.

THE BEACON CLUB

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

We are glad to welcome to our Club the first members from Tennessee, who send us the two letters printed below.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
301 W. 5th Street.

To the Beacon Club,—I go to All Souls' Unitarian Sunday school in Chattanooga, Tenn. My teacher's name is Miss Coolidge. Our minister's name is Dr. Hal. H. Lloyd.

I want to belong to the Beacon Club. I am twelve years old and read *The Beacon* every Sunday. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Your friend,
BERNARD G. WASSMAN.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
426 Cherry Street.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I am thirteen years old. Our minister is Rev. H. H. Lloyd. I wish to join the Beacon Club. I get *The Beacon* and enjoy it very much.

Yours truly,
VIRGINIA DIXON.

CONCORD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am writing to know if you will let me belong to the Beacon Club. I am an Episcopalian, and go to that Sunday school, but my father is the superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday school. I am sure I am as interested in *The Beacon* as any of the others.

My father also wrote "The Runaway," that came out in the *St. Nicholas*.

I am almost thirteen years old and I go to a private school. Eight or nine girls board there, and the teacher has a rabbit, two gold fish, and a tadpole, besides a canary that belongs to one of the other teachers. I wonder if any of the girls and boys that take *The Beacon* have pets in their school?

Yours very truly,
FRANCES S. FRENCH.

YARMOUTH, ME.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to the Unitarian church of Yarmouth, Me. I go almost every Sunday to church and Sunday school. I also belong to the vested choir. My teacher's name is Mrs. Stoddard. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much, and think it is a very nice paper. I have been to church and Sunday school about every Sunday since I was three years old.

Yours truly,
ELIZABETH R. DRINKWATER.

HUMBOLDT, IA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I wish to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Our Sunday school sent \$12 to buy corn for the Belgians, and we are going to have a Christmas ship called the Jason for our Christmas programme. It is a great big boat with a big smoke-stack and two funnels, and everything about it is white.

From your friend,
HOPE WHITE.

Letters have also been received from Mildred C. Innes, All Souls' Sunday School, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Doris Wardwell, Unitarian Sunday school of Ellsworth, Me.; Doris Beal, Winifred Lamb (11), and Annie Soule (12), all of Rockland, Mass.; Lydia Flavell, Randolph, Mass.; Ethel Johnson, Dorchester, Mass.; Ray Attner, of Channing Church, Dorchester, Mass.; Richard V. Noyes and Henry Adams, Arlington, Mass.; Helen Chase (10), Cambridge, Mass.; Esther Hodgdon, Roslindale, Mass.; Dorothy Jackson, Clinton, Mass.; and Elizabeth Ware (10), Hingham Center, Mass. All of these go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Each one enjoys *The Beacon* and asks to be a member of our Club.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LV.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 13, 6, 11, 20, is to give notice.

My 7, 2, 15, 5, 9, is what we do all our lives.

My 10, 8, 1, 1, 12, 11, is a short sword.

My 16, 11, 6, 16, 17, is a small opening.

My 3, 19, 18, 4, is a part of the face.

My 14, 4, 8, 20, is a Scottish girl's name.

My whole is the name of a great general.

ELIZABETH GREGORY.

ENIGMA LVI.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 3, 6, 10, 5, is to harvest.

My 5, 4, 5, 6, is the highest dignity in the Catholic Church.

My 1, 7, 11, is one of the organs of sense.

My 2, 5, 4, 8, is a preposition.

My 9, 4, 8, is what the victorious party did.

My whole is something everybody is interested in.

FREDERIC and WILLIAM DYER.

REVERSIBLES.

1. Read forward it is a weight; read backward it is denial.

2. Read forward it is to strike; read backward it is equal value.

3. Read forward it is to boast; read backward it is a dress.

4. Read forward it is the point of anything; read backward it is a place for something.

Scattered Seeds.

CONCEALED VEGETABLES.

1. I should like very much to be an author.

2. Tom, at Oak Grove, enjoyed a pleasant picnic supper.

3. Meet me at the depot at Onset.

4. The bee toils busily throughout the day.

5. The cornet is a musical instrument.

6. When I turn, I pass the old deserted house at the left.

7. Her birthday coming in July, she received a large bunch of sweet peas.

8. Toni, on seeing the generosity of the girl, played again, and she threw down still more pennies.

9. James had the water to pump, kindling to split, and the fires to build.

10. She purchased an extra dish-pan at the bargain sale.

RUTH W. MORTON.

ADDITIONS.

Add the letter g and change:

1. A tennis term into a covering for the hands.

2. Something humble into a term for warmth.

3. A preposition to a fiery liquor.

4. A disturbance into increase in size.

5. A maid into a transparent substance.

6. A youth into a joyful expression.

7. A female relative into something haggard.

8. To wander in mind into serious.

The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 27.

ENIGMA LI.—It's a Long Way to Tipperary.

ENIGMA LII.—Love your enemies.

A RIDDLE.—Silence.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Bernice Cox, Waverley, Mass.

Contributions have been received from Martha Mattice and Martje van Jensen, Springfield, Mass.